

# Ras Kass, Slap Season

[Verse 1]

They say men don't cry, but why this shit leakin' out my eye?  
Every day's a good day to die  
If I live each second, stand up straight  
Man of a man, shit just don't add up  
So what's really good? I can't tell  
Got niggaz screaming "Church" going straight to Hell  
In a red Testerosa, wild West coaster  
Carry techs in holster, respect the Nostra  
Fam like mafia, white polo t-shirted  
Haters say the same shit like I ain't never hizzard it  
Yall niggaz is funny like Nick Cannon  
Got a nickel-plated magnum, nick-named Nick Cannon  
Hitman and tryin' not to spit random  
Bust at even a phantom, ricocheted and hit Adam  
Put Satan on my belt and my Force One swooshes  
Never bit apple, blend the can with the juices  
Fail the plan, you plan to fail  
And the plan is to send my little man to Yale  
And niggaz know they ain't fuckin' with that  
Like what did the five fingers say to the face? Slap!

[Chorus]

Just give me the reason, and I'll promise I'll make it your day (slap season)  
My hands are so achey from slappin' these niggaz all day (slap season!)  
Boy, I tried to tell you that I don't really play those games (slap season)  
Ohhhhhh ohhhhhh ohhhhhhhh.... (slap season!)

[Verse 2]

And you can think you know a nigga 'til he get a little fame  
Believe me, [censored out] sold his soul in D.C.  
Fucked me up though, gotta move on now  
Step my game up, making product cologne now  
Dumbin' out, minkin'  
Bout to a custom made skunk, fur, hoody, and it ain't stinkin'  
Yall know the biz, that's what it is  
Got Wendy outta Capitol like I clapped on the bitch  
Kept my masters, and let paper trail explain  
Beat white corporate America at they own game  
I'm a couple million dollars richer  
Rap has got heads startin' to buy frames, yall get the picture  
And before I go broke  
I send the bitch on a flight with her baby in her tote  
That ain't formula, bottles filled with liquified coke  
Make the sign of the cross and die with the Pope  
Float through Cali with die moves and blues  
Non-affiliates and seranios too  
Bulldogs, northerners, and Kumi  
Prolly some other shit you never heard of somewhere in the boonies  
Shiites and Sunnis, oosoes and goonies  
Like Santa, I slide down your chimney, sprayin' a uzi  
And niggaz know they ain't fuckin' with that  
Like what did the five fingers say to the face? Slap!

[Chorus]